

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Vol. 23, No. 19.

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, December 1, 1904.

\$1.00 a Year.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

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McNEIL & McNEIL,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Marlinton, West Virginia.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

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DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,
MONTREY, VA.
Will visit Pocahontas county at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

H. L. VANSICKLER,
Attorney-at-Law,
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A large line of Caskets, Coffins and Undertakers supplies always on hand. All calls given prompt service.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The Upper Greenbrier Community.

On the Road Between Bartow and Boyer.

Monday afternoon, October 24, 1904, Harvey Bock brought out his nice rig to have me conveyed to Bartow on my return home-wards.

His father took my belongings and saw me off in the care of the store clerk, Charles Grogg. Finding myself thus abandoned to the hands of the Greenbrier community, I was somewhat surprised.

It would be any likelihood of my becoming groggy in the premises. Mr. Bock, in his earnest way, impressed me with the idea that the closer I staid to Grogg the less would be any liability of getting groggy, and so we sped away towards Bartow in the best of spirits.

The afternoon was one of rare loveliness, in contrast with the inclemency of the previous day. About fifty years had elapsed since I had passed over the road from Boyer to Bartow, and so many had been the changes that all appeared just as strange as if I had never been anywhere near at any time previously, with one exception, the pine woods near Peter Yeager's.

I will never forget those woods for this pleasant reason: Late in the forties, while returning from Col. William T. Gammond's wedding, as my best girl and myself were riding along under these pines I asked her what name she had given her nice pony. She blushed beautifully and coyly replied: "I call him 'Wine'." I must confess, however, that I failed to see the point just at the time and did not appreciate the compliment as much as it deserved, but as it is now time to let such bygones be bygones I will not at this moment attempt to tell her how vividly these silent, gloomy pines recall charming memories of early youth.

I was much interested by seeing the home where good old Joe Hill spent the closing years of his life.

During my residence in Monterey, from 1885-9, this man and his family did much for my comfort, and I would gratefully remember it all. His nice little girls, Martha and Louisa, were my pupils for four years. Though Joe could not read or write himself, yet it was his consuming desire that his children might be educated, and he worked hard to get the means to pay for their tuition.

Martha went with us to Rockingham and spent a year and kept up her studies in our home schools along with helping to care for the children, our two little boys, Willy and James.

Not long after passing the Hill home we came to traces of fortifications thrown up in 1861, while the Confederates were at what was then called Camp Bartow, at the head of Greenbrier.

No sooner did Traveller's Repose and its historic surroundings emerge to view than my thoughts at once reverted to the Horse Shoe Bend on the Shenandoah Mountain in East Highland county.

It was there that Mrs. Col. Washington Hall and myself paused and listened with conflicting emotions to the cannonading at the opening of the battle, October 23, 1861. The question was, Should we go on to the home of her parents in Augusta county or return to McDowell, her own home.

Such was her confidence in the ability of the Confederate troops to keep the Federals back that she decided to go on and visit her aged sick mother.

Early the following day the news of the battle was received at Mr. Swain's, so there was no special reason for hurrying home. She finished her visit and I attended a meeting of Presbytery, if my memory serves me correctly.

I have on hand material for a sketch of that memorable affair at Camp Bartow which I hope to prepare for my courteous readers in the course of time.

This battle was one of a series that led to the crisis that made the battle of McDowell a pivot point in the progress of the war in question. As heretofore noticed in the Times, it does seem that the matter was determined by the results at McDowell whether armed hostilities should terminate in 1862 or in 1863.

As it now appears, had there not been the "On to Grafton!" in the outset of the war there would not have been the opportunity for Stonewall Jackson, the illustrious West Virginian, to have had it in his power to assault

the Union forces with the opportunities he improved and thus secured his success and reputation as one of the foremost soldiers of all recorded time.

As I see it, Camp Bartow will ever hold a place of interest in the estimation all who may make Stonewall Jackson's career a theme for studious attention.

The head of Greenbrier for more than a hundred years has been a noted community. At this time from Bartow to Durbin everything seems to be on the move, many of the people seemingly begrudge the time for eating and sleeping, so situated in their desire to make something of the trip.

Upon boarding the train after a pleasant half-hour spent with John Andrew and Bessie, two of my pet young people, my attention was attracted by the diversity of tongues that were being busily wagged by my fellow passengers as the train moved smoothly and leisurely towards Durbin.

One nearest me I took to be an Italian, of rather attractive appearance. From the way he was surrounded by a roll of floor matting and sundry parcels and a new broom I inferred he was preparing for home comforts for himself and little family, somewhere near the line, not far off.

Upon being settled he took a cornucopia of grapes that he had just paid a dime for and offered to share it with the nearest passenger. The passenger, evidently a gentleman, would take but one small cluster and the two became very social.

While the grapes were being thus amicably discussed the home-loving Italian said the grapes reminded him of the vineyards he saw in Switzerland, where there were hundreds and hundreds of acres, and raising grapes nice as these, if not nicer, was a leading business with the people. The other remarked the grapes reminded him of what he once ate at a Paris restaurant. The first observed that he had come through Paris on his way out to the United States. Then the conversation became personal, when the second passenger inquired of the first why he had his arm so tied up and how he came to have a torn sleeve. Then followed an animated account of how he and a log had come together and what a narrow risk he had for his neck, but thanks to the Holy Virgin, or some one else, he had nothing worse to complain of but a shoulder just a "legit ole foeks," or something to that effect.

In the meanwhile, after a brief lull, the conversation was renewed and became quite animated, when the Italian inquired of the other whether he had heard the latest news about a person they had known three or four years previously as a boss, and with whom they were both acquainted. The passenger had not. Then followed a blood-curdling account of how the boss in question, a person more than seventy years of age, had looked for and found trouble somewhere in the South by killing a man, was tried for murder and last Friday two weeks ago was taken to the scaffold and "gota hisself decapitated just as he might expect."

I might be mistaken, but my impression is that this ill-fated boss operated at some point on the Greenbrier division in construction times from the tenor of some undertone remarks I overheard imperfectly.

At Durbin the train was boarded by a jovial group that puzzled me to decide whether they were oratorical spellbinders or commercial travellers.

I was too far removed to hear what was said, but from the tone of their laughter it will be an uncertain chance whether they will ever hear as funny things again on the Greenbrier Division.

Such an opportunity, I venture to surmise, might occur should these nice looking jovial persons ever meet another like party just in from Elkins.

The Presidential election, however, may be over too soon for another such opportunity to be looked for in a good while to come, and then the humorous voice of the spellbinder will cease to be heard in our land.

A pleasant featured and neatly attired person took his seat near me as the train threaded its devious way down we had some talk upon a subject introduced by himself.

"Mr. P., I have been thinking what a nice thing it is to do what is right. Several months ago the best friend I had on earth was taken away, and it is such a satisfaction to remember how well reconciled and peacefully she passed away, leaving me and

three little children so lonely.

It was a privilege to have it in my power to refer him to one who as a father pities his children so the Lord pities those who fear Him, and that motherless children and bereaved husbands have special claims upon Him for care and guidance, according to what He has so specially promised in His Word. It is my hope and prayer that this bereaved one with the little motherless children may realize the meaning of words like these:

Other refuge have I none, Hang my helpless soul on Thee, Lord, on thee may I rely, Thou art my Father, Friend, and God, And my Redeemer, Lord, and God.

Traveller's Repose.

We had a right bad storm last week, but are having nice weather now.

Lee Wilmoth's little child has been very sick, but is improving under the skillful treatment of Dr. L. H. Mooman.

Joel Varner and family, accompanied by Henry and Robert Barkley, started for Kansas Wednesday, where they expect to make their future home.

Misses Maud Lunsford, Bessie Gum, Lizzie Swadley and William Gum, of Highland county, Virginia, were visiting in this section Friday and Saturday and attended Rev. Price's lecture on Sunday.

Some of the dwellers on Alleghany Mountain had quite an exciting bear hunt last week. Nine bears were discovered near the head waters of the North Fork and a party of men and boys, with guns and dogs, gave chase for two or three days. Myles Simmons brought down one with his shotgun and the others escaped. During the chase one of the party (whose name I will not mention for fear of losing his friendship), armed with a 43-90 Winchester, when the bear came in sight fired one shot, cried "Oh, Lord!" and ran with all his might, but not toward the bear.

Several deer have been killed during the late snow. Marvin Wilfong has finished his contract of logging for the Sweet, Lily Lumber Company and returned home. We are glad to learn that Mr. Van Buren Arbogast is improving. Rev. William T. Price, D. D., delivered an interesting lecture to a large audience at Traveller's Repose church Sunday.

Miss Maud Arbogast, who has been very ill with diphtheria, is improving fast and will soon be able to continue teaching. Work on the tannery near this place is still going on. They expect to heat up the boilers next week.

William Slaton, an aged citizen of Boyer, died last week. Edray.

Edray is on a boom. Rev. Neff went to Buckeye to tie the knot for a loving couple.

John Tyler has been visiting friends on Hill's Creek. Ed Williams will start West in a few days.

Miss Daisy Mann was visiting in Edray recently. G. W. Mann killed twenty hogs which averaged 300 pounds Tuesday.

W. McClintic has the best portable mill in the county sawing at Isaac Sharp's. Everything is utilized from a saw log to a toothpick. Henry Overholt is mill boss and John Edmiston woods foreman. About 80 men are employed, with four teams at work in the woods. Wilson Courtney is buck sawyer and Billy McClure cook and gray driver.

Pete Jackson and Hammond Mann, while engaged on their logging contract, met with a ground hog which showed fight. Pete armed himself with a coal pick and Hammond took a crowbar. After a severe fight they overcame it. It is now on exhibition and will be taught to catch mice.

Squire Hannah held court here last week. R. M. Beard was in town on business.

R. C. Brown Leghorn Cocks for sale; strong, healthy birds, beautiful plumage; Price, \$1 (one dollar each). Address Mrs. Eys Ligon McNeil, Clover Lick, W. Va.

Undertakers.

We have an excellent line of COFFINS, CASKET & BURIAL BOXES and are prepared to ship all orders on any train to all points north of Marlinton, including Bartow. All orders in the surrounding community promptly delivered. Will attend in person if desired. Terms reasonable.

A. R. Smith & Son
CASS, W. VA.

LIFE.

We have come to the conclusion that life is like the current of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the windings of its happy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our hands. We are happy in hope and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

For a long number of years I have been in the State of Tennessee, near the county lines of Randolph and Pocahontas. His first wife was a Houchin whose tragic death is recalled by the untimely end of her husband. She was found dead in the fireplace with a portion of the chimney upon her. A woman named Jackson, who lived in the family was accused of having dealt foully with Mrs. White, and, putting the body in the fireplace, pushed the chimney in upon it as a blind. She was tried and convicted, but was acquitted upon a second trial. She then left the country and a rumor came back that she had been mobbed by woman in one of the Western States.

The stream bears us on and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears and the tossing of the waves are beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of the earth and its inhabitants; and of our further voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and the Eternal.

And do we still take so much anxious thought for future days when the days which have gone by have so strangely and uniformly deceived us?

Can we still so set our hearts on the creatures of God when we find by sad experience that the Creator only is permanent? Oh, shall we not lay aside every weight and every sin which doth so easily beset us, and think ourselves henceforth as wayfaring persons, who have no abiding inheritance but in the hope of a better world; and to whom even that world would be more than hopeless if it were not for our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ and the interest we have obtained in His mercies?

We are aware that we are only put here in this world and given life to prepare for the life to come; and that when our life on earth is ended that we may leave some hope that we have gone to be with Jesus, who sitteth at the right hand of the Father who is in Heaven.

Do we avert learning's prize? Climb her heights and take it. In ourselves our fortunes lie. Life is what we make it.

—H. M. DODRILL.

Fultz-Sharp.
A pleasant and interesting society event came off in the Infirmary cottage, Monday, November 28th, 1904, at 10 a. m., when Mr. James Howard Fultz and Miss Mary Hannah Sharp were united in holy matrimony. Rev. William T. Price, officiating minister.

The groom is a native of Centre county, Pennsylvania, but for the past two years an employee in the Harter Lumber plant, a few miles above Marlinton, an industrious young man with good prospects.

The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Abram Sharp, near Frost. She is a much esteemed young person. Her bright and pleasing letters as a Frost correspondent of the Times were quite a feature a few years since. Many are the friends who will wish these young people all that an auspicious marriage implies.

Mild Winter.
A clipping from the Woodstock Herald is going the rounds of the press to the effect that one Abram Strauser forecasts a mild winter. He claims success for many years and forms his predictions by the way the wind blows on the 28th of September. If the wind is from the north on that day a long, cold winter follows; from the east, there will be a great deal of snow; variable, the winter will be open and sloppy; south and west winds prognosticate a mild winter.

Now on the 28th of last September he reports that the winds came continuously from the south and west, thus meaning a mild winter, with but little snow, and there will be no sleigh bells heard before Christmas.

HINTON
Marble works
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Marble and Granite Monuments and Memorial Work. Correspondence solicited.
HINTON, W. VA.

KILLED FOR A BEAR.

Azariah White of Randolph County Shot By a Fellow Hunter.

Azariah White, an old hunter living near Huttonsville was shot in the head with buck shot and instantly killed by James Chanell, who mistook the old man for the bear they had been following on Cheat mountain.

The charge took effect in the side of the head and death resulted almost instantly. The victim was over seventy years of age.

For a long number of years White, living on the Staunton and Parkersburg turnpike, near the county lines of Randolph and Pocahontas. His first wife was a Houchin whose tragic death is recalled by the untimely end of her husband. She was found dead in the fireplace with a portion of the chimney upon her. A woman named Jackson, who lived in the family was accused of having dealt foully with Mrs. White, and, putting the body in the fireplace, pushed the chimney in upon it as a blind. She was tried and convicted, but was acquitted upon a second trial. She then left the country and a rumor came back that she had been mobbed by woman in one of the Western States.

The evening passed and he came not, and nine years passed until he did return. Stepping into the saloon the other evening the long-lost owner went behind the bar and said: "Much obliged, Charlie; I stayed a little longer than I expected."

Charlie looking up and recognizing him said: "Well, I'm glad you came; I'll now go out and get my supper."—Ex.

A Little Romance.
A little over nine years ago a well-known saloon man in Fayette county, who kept a barroom in Montgomery, was unfortunate enough to get into some trouble. Among the people in the saloon at the time was Charlie Dufch, a well-known resident.

"Take the bar, Charlie, and stay here until I come back," said the saloon man, who stepped out the back door and disappeared in the gloom. Charlie waited behind the bar and stepped on the trade until his friend should return.

The evening passed and he came not, and nine years passed until he did return. Stepping into the saloon the other evening the long-lost owner went behind the bar and said: "Much obliged, Charlie; I stayed a little longer than I expected."

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An Insult to Women.
The organizations of women throughout the country are taking exceptions to a part of the bill in Congress creating States from the Territories of Indian, Oklahoma, Arizona and New Mexico, which makes the following provision: "That said State shall never enact any law restricting or abridging the right of suffrage on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, or on account of any other conditions or qualifications, save and except on account of illiteracy, insanity, sex, conviction of felony, mental condition or residence."

This is the first time on record where women have been ranked with the defective, delinquent and dependent classes.

A Mother's Love.
There is beautiful old legend that at creation's dawn an angel came down to earth seeking, something to take back with it to heaven. It returned with a bouquet of flowers, a baby's smile and a mother's love. When it reached the pearly gates of paradise again the flowers had withered, the baby's smile had vanished, but the mother's love was found to be as pure and eternal as the waters that flowed by the heavenly throne, and all the angels exclaimed: "There is nothing on earth pure enough for heaven but a mother's love."

It has been suggested that the baseball for next season be made a half ounce heavier, in order to make the game livelier. The increase of effectiveness on the part of the pitcher has been the cause of the decrease of the liveliness of the game. Making the ball heavier would be an advantage to the batter and handicap the pitcher. The move is being fought by the manufacturers of sporting goods, but the falling off of the attendance of league games which have become so scientific as to lose interest calls for a few home runs to make the enthusiasm of the attendant.

Mrs. Mary R. Reger, mother of Col. S. L. Reger of Elkins, died at her home in Philippi last week.

The University of Virginia won over the University of North Carolina at their annual football game at Richmond Thanksgiving by a score of 11 to 12.

Brown's Creek.

A little cobb around the edges, Butcher hogs seems to be the order of the day.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Ellis H. Moore, November 22d, a girl. John W. Louny has moved from Huntersville to James Reed's place on Knapp's Creek.

Bob Rider has moved from Beaver Creek to R. S. Turk's place on Brown's Mountain.

Fisher Brothers have completed W. T. Moore's new house and he has moved in the same.

Wallace McLaughlin has burnt two lime kilns this fall.

B. F. Hamilton is having two sets of hard wood cut on his place. The Kelley Brothers are doing the cutting.

W. B. Corbett has finished sawing for W. G. Ruckman and has moved his mill to near Henry White's, where he has a big lot of white pine to saw. This set will finish up the white pine in this section.

S. R. Hogsett still keeps trading horses.

Walter Grimes, after working several days for the Campbell Lumber Company, came home and is on the sick list.

Fred Fertig and wife, of Thorney Creek, were visiting at A. C. Moore's Saturday and Sunday.

Your Dunmore correspondent seems to be rather a poetical man. Our mails have been very irregular here of late from some unknown cause.

In a wreck on the Dry Fork Railway last week a passenger coach went down an embankment and rolled completely over. No fatalities are reported, and only one person hurt, although about twenty people were in the coach.

The Advertiser is advertised for sale.

Ex-Senator Henry G. Davis celebrated his eighty-first birthday at his home in Elkins last week.

W. H. McLaughlin of Odessa, Missouri, writes of the death of a Mr. McComb, son of the late Price McComb, of Huntersville, which occurred at his home in Odessa.

C. W. Dillon of Fayetteville is said to be slated for tax commissioner.

Laxo

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Laxo is a liquid, purely vegetable, that contains no opiate, mercury or mineral of any kind. It is a prompt and positive cure for biliousness, torpid liver, dyspepsia and constipation. It acts without irritating the bowels; dispels colds and sick headaches.

Laxo is sold by all good druggists. Price 35 cents per bottle.

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Marlinton, W. Va.

A Prayer for Evening.

Lord, receive our supplication for this house, family and country. Protect the innocent, restrain the greedy and the treacherous, lead us out of our tribulations into a quiet land.

Look down upon ourselves and them, prolong our days in peace and honor. Give us health, food, bright weather and light hearts. In what we premeditate of evil frustrate our will; in what of good further our endeavors. Cause injuries to be forgot and benefactors to be remembered.

Let us lie down without fear and awake and arise with exultation. For His sake, in whose words we now conclude.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

MEAT MARKET in EAST CASS.

A meat Market will be opened in East Cass on Friday, Oct. 29, 1904. Meat of all kinds guaranteed to be as good as was ever sold in Pocahontas county.

Prices of best

Steak, Pork and Sausage, etc. etc. Per pound. Come in and give me a trial.

Respectfully,
R. H. BAILEY.

J. A. Arbuckle, A. B., R. D.

Specialty.

EYE, EAR, NOSE and THROAT.

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